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Piano Buying Since the Sale Begun.

WISSNER PIANOS

Leckerling, Reinhard and
Other High Class Pianos.

All Must Go--Everything in Our Stock
--Everything that is Returned from
Rental, Etc. Not One
Piano is to Remain.



without a wareroom. We cannot secure a renewal to our lease and as yet no other store has been decided upon.

We have several in view but it seems as though it will be about the latter part of June before we can take possession of the one we want.

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\$65, \$125, \$140,
\$150 and \$175

NEW

\$275 Styles, Now \$190
\$300 Styles, Now \$225
\$350 Styles, Now \$250
\$400 Styles, Now \$285

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A Month

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1019 Main St. Bridgeport.

The Man From Home

A Novelization
of the Play of
the Same Name

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By BOOTH
TARKINGTON
and
HARRY LEON
WILSON

(Continued.)

Hawcastle, with some of his fine feelings aroused, picked up his sister-in-law with his eyes, much as a clever hostess picks up her feminine guests at dinner, and arose, turning to Ethel.

"This shall make no difference to us, my child," he said, and turning sharply, took Lady Creech by the arm and left the terrace. Pike looked at Horace pityingly.

"Don't you understand?" he said. "I'm her guardian!"

For a fleeting instant Horace stared at him and then dropped his chin and walked away.

"I shall never hold up my head again," he said.

The sudden horror of the revelation that Horace had drawn forth bore down upon Ethel's mind with a crushing weight.

To her artificialized understanding the disgrace was more than she could ever hope to bear, and Horace's expressed thought that he should never be able to hold up his head again was but a vivification of her own.

Surely it would have been bad enough, she told herself, if this fearful thing had come upon them privately, but to have it appear in the full light of day and in the very hearing of the family of the man she was about to marry was too cruel.

And with an inward groan she leaned for a moment against the terrace wall where the countess had left her. When the first astonishment had passed and she had time to realize what had occurred, events that had seemed but fleeting impressions rose up before her in all their vivid nakedness. Mme. de Champigny had looked at her with astute contempt, she was sure, and she dimly remembered seeing the look of horrified amazement upon the patrician features of the Earl of Hawcastle.

Then, with an awakened resentment, the fighting blood of the sturdy plebeian Simpson stock, the stock that had upheld its head in the battle against oppression in several wars, came back to her with a rush, and she decided to see this awful man and give him to understand that he must go away at once and never insult her again by his uncouth and vulgar presence. Such business as had to be transacted could be done through an intermediary.

With a bracing of her spirit she stepped forward resolutely and came up close behind Pike as he stood with drooping jaw gazing in perplexity after the retreating Horace. Ethel cast a look of loathing upon the straight back of the guardian of her peace and ground her little boot heel into the stone flagging. She glanced up and saw that the common German was looking at Pike with grave sympathy and even understanding, and instantly she hated him for it. Then she saw him take his cap from the obsequious Mariano and turn away. When he had gone she said in a low voice:

"I am Miss Granger-Simpson."

CHAPTER X. THE HUMILIATION.

INSTANTLY Pike turned with a lithe twist of his lank body and half lifted his hand as if he expected a blow. Then his arm dropped again, and he stood looking at her in calm and interested fashion. As he stared his expression changed to one of mingled tenderness and pride, and when he spoke there was a world of pathos in his voice.

"Why," he said in a low, astonished tone, "why, I knew your name from the time I was a little boy till he died, and I looked up to him more'n I ever looked up to anybody in my life, but I never thought he'd have a girl like you. He'd be mighty proud if he could see you now."

She turned from him in a smothered rage and then faced him again with cold disapproval in her tone.

"Perhaps it will be as well if we avoid personal allusions," she said resentfully. This man should have no opportunity for bringing up those vulgar, half forgotten family reminiscences if she could help it. He smiled a trifle wanly.

"I don't just see how that's possible," he answered, and she waved her hand indignantly.

"Will you please sit down?" she said, and Pike made an awkward bow.

"Yes, ma'am," he replied meekly, with the faintest accent on the last word, and obediently took the chair that Horace had vacated so precipitously. She shuddered at the word he had used and glanced nervously at the hat he was holding in his hands.

"Are--are you really my guardian?" she asked at last, with a trace of heated disbelief in her tones. Pike smiled at her.

"Well," he said, "I've got the papers in my grip. I expect that."

"Oh, I know it!" she interrupted explosively. "It's only that we didn't fancy--we didn't expect--"

She paused, and he went on: "I expect you thought I'd be considerably older."

"Not only that."

"And I guess you thought I'd neglected you a good deal." There was a touch of remorse in his tone, and he looked idly at the hat he held. "And it did look like it--never coming to see you--but I couldn't hardly manage time to get away. You see, being trustee of your share of the estate I don't hardly have a fair show at my law practice. But when I got your letter eleven days ago I says to myself: 'Here, Daniel Voorhees Pike, you old shellback, you've just got to take time. John Simpson trusted you with his property, and he's done more--he's



"We could have been spared this--this mortification."

trusted you to look out for her, and now she's come to a kind of jumping off place in her life--she's thinking of getting married--so you just pack your gripsack and hike out over there and stand by her."

During the last half of his speech there was a tone of affectionate regard, at which she bridled resentfully.

"I quite fail to understand your point of view," she said frigidly. "Perhaps I had best make it clear to you that I am no longer thinking of getting married."

"Well, Lord 'a' mercy!" ejaculated Pike, leaning back in his chair and smiling at her, but she affected not to notice the lighter tone and went on.

"I mean I have decided upon it. The ceremony is to take place in a fortnight."

Pike brought the front feet of his chair down with a crash.

"Well, I declare!" he cried.

"We shall dispense with all delays," she went on, and Pike regarded her solemnly for a moment.

"Well, I don't know as I could say anything against that. He must be a mighty nice fellow, and you must think a heap of him." He sighed.

"That's the way it should be." He looked at her. "And you're happy?"

"Distinctly!" said Ethel decisively.

Pike looked off over the blue bay, and then his gaze traveled to where Horace had been standing, and with a start he turned to her again, speaking eagerly:

"It ain't that fellow I was talking with, younder?"

And she voiced an indignant protest. "That was my brother!"

"Lord 'a' mercy!" ejaculated Daniel and then recovered himself. "But, then, I wouldn't remember him. He couldn't have been more than twelve when you was home last. Of course I'd 'a' known you!"

"How?" demanded Ethel. "You couldn't have seen me since I was a child."

"From your picture, though now I see it ain't so much like you," he answered, and she stepped forward, with astonishment.

"You have a photograph of me?"

"The last time I saw your father alive he gave it to me--to look at."

"And you remembered?"

"Yes, ma'am."

A look of incredulity passed over Ethel's face, and she replied:

"It does not strike me as possible. However, we will dismiss the subject."

"Well, if you'd like to introduce me to your--to your?"

"To my brother?"

"No, ma'am; to your--to the young man."

"To Mr. St. Aubyn?" cried Ethel, recalling a step. "I think it quite unnecessary."

"I'm afraid I can't see it that way. I'll have to have a couple of talks with him, sort of look him over, so to speak. I won't stay around here spoiling your fun any longer than I can help--only just for that and to get a letter I'm expecting from England."

Ethel bit her lip vexatiously.

"I do not see that you need have come at all. We could have been spared this--this mortification."

"You mean I mortify you? Why, I--I can't see how."

"In a hundred ways," she replied, "every way. That common person who is with you--"

"He isn't common. You only think so because he's with me," returned Daniel sadly, looking down.

"Who is he?" demanded Ethel sharply.

"He told me his name, but I can't remember it. I call him 'doc'."

"It doesn't matter. What does matter is that you needn't have come. You could have written your consent."

"No, ma'am, not without seeing the young man," answered Pike resolutely.

"And you could have arranged the settlement in the same way," went on Ethel unheeding.

"Settlement! You seem to have settled it pretty well without me," returned Pike, smiling.

"You don't understand," said Ethel impatiently. "An alliance of this sort always entails a certain settlement."

She paused. "Please listen. If you were at all a man of the world I should not have to explain that in marrying into a noble house I bring my dot, my dowry."

"Money, you mean?" asked Pike,

puzzled.

"Yes, if you choose to put it that way."

"You mean you want to put aside something of your own to buy a lot and start housekeeping?"

"No," she flared. "I mean a settlement upon Mr. St. Aubyn directly."

"You mean you want to give it to him?"

"If that's the only way to make you understand--yes!" she flared.

"How much do you want to give him?" asked Pike thoughtfully.

"A hundred and fifty thousand pounds," said Ethel desperately.

Pike whistled.

"Seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars!"

"Precisely that!" said Ethel.

"Well, he has made you care for him," said Daniel. "I guess he must be the prince of the world! He must be a great man. I expect you're right about me not meeting him. I probably wouldn't stack up very high alongside a man that's big enough for you to think so much of as you do him. Why, I'd have to squeeze every bit of property your pa left you."

"Is it your property?" she flared at him.

"I've worked pretty hard to take care of it for you," he answered gently, and instantly she regretted the sharp speech.

"Forgive me," she pleaded. "It was unworthy of me--unworthy of the higher and nobler things that life calls me to live up to--that I shall live up to. The money means nothing to me. I'm not thinking of that. It is a necessary form."

Pike looked at her keenly.

"Have you talked with Mr. St. Aubyn about this settlement--this present you want to make to him?" he asked.

"Not with him."

"I thought not," he went on amusedly. "You'll see. He wouldn't take it if I'd let you give it to him. A fine man like that wants to make his own way. Mighty few men like to have fun poked at them about living on their wives' money."

"Oh, I can't make you understand!" cried Ethel despairingly. "A settlement isn't a gift."

"Then how'd you happen to decide that just a hundred and fifty thousand

pounds was what you wanted to give him?" he demanded.

"It was Mr. St. Aubyn's father who fixed the amount," replied Ethel desperately.

"His father! What's he got to do with it?"

"He is the Earl of Hawcastle, the head of the ancient house."

"And he asks you for your property--asks you for it in so many words?"

"Yes, as a settlement."

"And your young man knows it?"

"I tell you, Mr. Pike, I have not discussed it with Mr. St. Aubyn."

Pike laughed.

"I reckon not," he said amusedly.

"Well, sir, do you know what's the first thing Mr. St. Aubyn will do when he hears his father made such a proposition? He'll take the old man out in the back lot and give him a thrashing he won't forget to the day of his death!"

She was about to answer when from a distance came the roll of drums and then the sound of a bugle. The sounds came from afar off, as if below the cliff.

They both stopped to listen. Then the servants came running, with Mariano at their head. They rushed to the wall and leaned over, all excitement. Mariano turned to call to them over his shoulder:

"The police are chasing a bally convict chap under the cliff."

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